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IN MEMORY OF

Mrs. Sarah Lizzie Shaw

WHO

DIED AT KOBE, JAPAN

NOVEMBER 22, 1882.

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ORDER OF SERVICES.

To add anything to what appears in the pages of this memorial must appear superfluous to the reader. That it is an honest testimonial to the character of its subject, none who knew her, will for a moment question. Her quiet usefulness, her willingness to serve wherever God should place her, and the gladness with which she accepted what she felt to be His call to the work of Foreign Missions, are yet fresh in our minds. The sad news of her early death filled many hearts with sorrow, and threw a shade of gloom over the community where she was best known and loved. Upon the arrival of more definite news from China, action was taken to commemorate her death by a special service, both by the church and Sabbath School, her relationship to which had, by her own desire, remained unbroken.

The church services in the morning of February 4th. were opened by the singing of the anthem, "Come unto Me."

INVOCATION.

Hymn, "To Thy Temple I Repair."

PRAYER.

Hymn, "There is a calm for those who weep."

Sermon by the Pastor, Rev. T. A. Emerson. Regards of

Hymn, "My gracious Lord, I own Thy right."

PRAYER.

In the session of the Sabbath School, of which she had been so many years member, both as pupil and teacher, her life and death were tenderly alluded to, both in prayer and remark, the members uniting in singing, "Come ye disconsolate."

In the evening, it held a more extended service. A life size portrait of Mrs. Shaw hung behind the speaker's desk, draped ~~in~~ in mourning, and surrounded with smilax and flowers. These exercises commenced by the congregation uniting in the

Hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

Selections from the Scriptures.

Quartette Singing, "Death of a Pious Scholar," under the direction of Mr. E. P. Hayward.

PRAYER.

Hymn, "After the Christian's Tears."

Remarks by Mr. H. S. Thayer, vice supt., prior to his reading a Biographical sketch by Mr. E. I. Humphrey, of Hyde Park, formerly of Braintree, who was unable to be present.

Hymn, "Waiting and Watching for Me."

Reading of an Original Poem by Mrs. L. A. H. Butler.

Hymn, "Beyond Life's Raging Fever."

Letter from Rev. E. P. Tenney, former pastor of the church.

PRAYER.

DOXOLOGY.

Memorial Sermon.

Romans 14; 8:—"For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

It seems but yesterday when our house of worship was crowded to witness the marriage of two of our young people, who had decided to enter upon missionary work in a foreign land. Full of life and enthusiasm, eager to engage in labor for the Master, they both had high hopes of seeing much accomplished through their efforts. They left our town with the good wishes and fervent prayers of many for their safety across our broad country and over the rolling deep. And for them in their new home in China, how many prayers have ascended to God, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, that our God may count them worthy of their calling and fulfil every desire of goodness and every work of faith with power, so that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in them. A little more than two years passes away, and the home is mourning the death of the wife and mother. Her body lies in the cemetery at Kobe, in Japan, but—blessed be heaven for this hope—her spirit has gone to God who gave it, resting in a home in the skies. I know, dear friends, our hearts are with our brother and the little one in that lonely home, and in our prayers we remember them, that God, even our Father who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace, would comfort his heart and stablish him in every good word and work.

I have selected for a text a passage of Scripture written by St. Paul to the Roman church, describing a true Christian in large outlines—living and dying to the Lord. I think it embodies

principles according to which Mrs. Shaw endeavored to regulate her heart, her conscience and her life. A worthy end certainly! The most profound homage a creature can render to his Creator! Let us examine this principle of Christian living and dying. And we cannot fail to see how broad it is, and how much it involves.

In living to the Lord, we give ourselves to Him as our Master. The true Christian cannot look upon himself as his own master, nor is he at liberty to regulate his life according to his own will, or for his own ends. He is the servant of Christ. He has turned from idols of every name to serve the living God. To this heavenly vision is he obedient; no other Master has he chosen. He hears One say: "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well for so I am." This word follows him all his days. To serve the Lord Christ becomes his meat and drink. How real then is our Lord to whom we dedicate ourselves, to whom we give our hearts.

I know that other masters will seek to secure our attention and thought and work. The god of this world will try to deceive us and to blind our eyes, showing how much better it is to choose him than to choose the Lord God. Pleasures will be set before us in their most alluring garb; and we hear many voices saying: "Here is your greatest enjoyment; live in these things; do not concern yourselves about matters of the soul; consult your ease; live for the present; what do you know about the future? Eat, drink and be merry." Wealth fascinates another. "O riches," he cries, "thou art my god." This vision fills his mind with remarkable dreams by night and with daring plans by day. Gladly he beholds the time when he can say: "Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many days." Another acknowledges this master—fame—and delights to hear the cry: "Lo, here he is or lo, there;" while another embittered with disappointment draws himself like an oyster into his shell, imagining that he can best live for himself. Still other things are proposed for which we are invited to live. Some talk seriously of living for liberty, justice and equality. High up on the front of many churches in Paris, cut in stone, or painted, you will see these words: liberty, equality, fraternity. Placed there by a mad populace in a time of revolution, when the government ruled God out of creation, formally declaring Reason to be their

god, and abolished the Sabbath, making one day in ten a rest day, they witness to unchristian living on the part of the priesthood, and unjust ruling on the part of the King. Nevertheless these are glorious words, and fraught with how much meaning to every people!

But, friends, we cannot properly speak of approaching a power or force or of communion with a principle. I know that we often talk thus, but only as figures of speech. We cannot give our hearts to a supreme power, or to a blind force, or to a generous principle. We can hold communion only with those who have intelligence, and conscience, and will. And so we can live for men, and for country —a collection of men, women and children—and, best of all, for the Lord, who is the Divine Man. How real then to us becomes God in Christ, the divinity and grandeur of whose character are attested by mighty miracles in olden time and by wonderful changes wrought in His name in our day, uplifting whole peoples to righteousness and heaven. This Master is righteous in all His ways. He makes no compromise with sin. He is full of tenderness, inviting the weary and heavy-laden to come to Him for rest, and ever going about to do good. Full of tenderness! For He so loved the world that He gave Himself a sacrifice for sin. In such a Lord can we not rejoice? Oh, if we would choose Him as our Master!

But we must go farther than this. We begin with the choice of the Lord as our Master. Once for all we settle the question whom shall we follow, whose will shall we obey. And we have much peace. But what comes next? We practice submission to His government. The true Christian looks upon the government of God as wise and holy, as the best that infinite wisdom could devise. And so he rejoices that the Lord reigns over him, and submits like a dutiful child to the varied dealings of his heavenly Father. How perplexed was Abraham when he heard what the Lord would do with Sodom! But he believed that God was righteous; therefore he could say: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" How troubled was Job in the midst of so many keen and bitter disappointments! Yet believing in the wisdom and holiness of God, he could say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And cannot we cherish this spirit of submission? Though the Lord give us the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet we can

believe that He will help us in our trials, or make a way of escape from them. A missionary dies in the bloom of womanhood, just when she is best fitted to do good work for the Lord; but can we not believe that God knows what is best? The true Christian can sing,—

"I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is Love."

By our choice of Christ as Savior and Lord and by our submission to the Divine will, then we live to the Lord. But more than this. We render a cheerful obedience to His word. God's law is perfect, and His commandments holy, just and good. It has been the experience of God's people in all ages that blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. David voices the feelings of thousands when he writes: "O, how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day." "I will keep Thy precepts with my whole heart." And in company with St. Paul we desire to "prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Now our Savior has made obedience the test of friendship. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Therefore we live to the Lord when we believe everything that Christ says, and do whatever Christ commands, and trust every promise Christ makes. In a word, Christ is our final authority, and is such because He is the Truth.

The late Judge Curtis, one of the most eminent men ever upon the bench of the United States Supreme Court, was dining with several friends, and among the subjects discussed was prayer. After one gentleman and another had expressed their views, Judge Curtis said: "I believe in prayer, because I believe in Christ who told me to pray." Surely this to a believer is an unanswerable argument. There we are strong. We obey Christ because He is the Truth. Whatever His commands then, we ought to obey them. Hence we need to ask only two questions: First, does Christ speak? And secondly, what is His command? Does Christ say to you—Give Me thine heart? Then it is your blessed privilege to turn from sin unto holiness. Does Christ command you—Go ye into all the world and

preach the gospel to every creature? Then it is your bounden duty, rather your glorious privilege to carry His word into the regions beyond. It is your Lord's request, and obedience you know He desires.

"What," you ask, "shall we allow our sons and daughters to go to far distant lands to preach Christ's gospel?" Yes, I answer. If by unmistakeable signs Christ calls them to this special work, there is no course open for them but to obey. Heaven is glad that some are inclined to enter this broad field, bearing a quickening and saving gospel. And you may bid them—God speed. What Christ may say is the last, the final word. No authority on spiritual matters higher than His. Obedience to His commands we are to render cheerfully because He is the Truth. In battle we know success depends very largely upon having an able leader, and upon his having prompt obedience. Our great leader Washington as he stood under the old elm at Cambridge to take command of the Provincial Army inquired how the soldiers conducted themselves at Bunker's Hill. Their bravery was told him, and then incidentally the fact of their obeying orders, and waiting fire under the terrible excitement of the hour, waiting fire until they could see the color of the enemies' eyes. Upon hearing this fact Washington exclaimed: "With such men the liberties of our country are safe." But, friends, obedience is none the less essential in the Christian warfare against sin and ignorance. We have a Divine Leader; obedience to Him will ensure success, disobedience will bring defeat. Those who live to the Lord are to be gladly obedient.

"Theirs not to make reply.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

But even this is not all. We live to the Lord by dedicating ourselves to Him, by submitting to His government, and by gladly obeying His precept. All these show a right disposition in us, but as yet we are only preparing for something better. We try to promote the interests of His kingdom. That kingdom lies near the heart of every believer, because it was dear to Christ. Its needs are often borne aloft on their prayers because our Lord prayed for its establishment, and suffered and died for its growth and purity.

How varied is the work of that kingdom! To aid the poor, to visit the sick, to comfort the mourner, to strengthen the tempted, to instruct the ignorant, to tell of a Saviour's love—here surely is something for each one to do. And it is a privilege to watch for souls and lead them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Our lives when truly loyal and devout declare the word of our Lord: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It may be in a quiet town or in a busy city; it may be in the destitute parts of our fair land; it may be on continents where gross darkness covers the people that the followers of Christ will labor, but somewhere they will advance the Redeemer's Kingdom.

It is one striking glory of the Incarnation that it reveals the worth of the human soul. Christ left His blessed abode and came down to earth and was nailed for our advantage to the bitter tree because the soul so precious in His sight was in danger of eternal loss. Have we not here an answer to the question as to the rightful demands of missions at home and abroad? To me the fact that Christ so loved the world that He was made flesh, and was obedient unto death, coming to seek and to save that which was lost, giving us that sublime command: go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature—is a very valuable proof that we are to evangelize all nations. Let men say what they will of the grand achievements of the white race, we must carry the gospel to the black man, to the red man, and to the yellow man as well. Not only may the proud Anglo-Saxon share its benefits, but offer them to the scarred African, to the wronged Indian, and to the despised Chinese—for all these our Saviour died.

Now if this be so, if Christ puts such value upon the soul, if He designs His gospel for every race and for every clime, do we not simplify our duty? What shall lead us to do good as we have opportunity? Not because races are strong or weak, men rich or poor, learned or ignorant, but because they have souls of marvellous capacities, capable of knowing God and growing in holiness. Some Christian natives of Raitea were planning to go as missionaries to a people in darkness and sin. Their friends tried to dissuade them from this work, telling them there were poisonous serpents there, wild beasts there, and frightful pestilence there. "Are there men

there?'' was their noble answer. ''If there are men there, we will go.''

Now if Christ wishes to plant His gospel in every land, do we not see an answer to the question why some are to go abroad while others remain at home? I know that there is pressing work at home to engage our brain and heart. Infidelity, Mormonism, Sabbath breaking, and intemperance are doing great injury in our land. But think what privileges are yours! Protection of person and property, a free government, schools for your children, books abundant as the leaves of autumn, churches whose bells call everyone to worship, and best of all—an open Bible, the prolific source of these priceless blessings. Shall we be so ungenerous as to keep these to ourselves? Rather shall we not find a greater blessing in sending the gospel to peoples in darkness and sin, thus sharing these benefits with them? And our obligation to give the word to other lands is all the more weighty when we learn that we are the fruits of foreign missions. Taine in his history of English literature, borrowing from Tacitus, describes our ancestors as savages roaming through the forests of Germany and Britain—a race of gluttons and drunkards; sea-faring, war and pillage their only idea of a freeman's work; slow to love; of all barbarians the most cruelly ferocious. But Christian missionaries, armed with the cross and with prayer, taught the gospel; Ulphilas in Germany, Patrick in Ireland, Columba in Scotland, and Augustine in England – these men labored in the fear of God and with love for souls—planting the beneficent institutions of religion. You and I to day share in the benefits of the gospel these devoted men brought to our fathers. Shall we now be so selfish as to deny the gospel to other lands sorely needing it? If a pure religion can so highly bless our Saxon race, making it the dominant race of the world in arts as well as in arms, in moral and spiritual elevation and refinement, Oh, let us pass it along to other races and thus promote the kingdom of Christ. Under their degraded exterior there lies the stuff of character out of which may come something noble, something unique in spiritual excellence, some splendid order of manhood and womanhood.

Thus far I have spoken of living to the Lord—our dedication, our submission, our obedience, our working. But the text informs us that when the believer dies, he dies unto the Lord. Just as we live

unto the Lord when we model our lives according to His word, making that our rule of action, so we die unto the Lord when we are willing to be at His disposal, yes, to lay down our lives for Him or at His call. This generation knows well how a patriot lives for his country by promoting righteousness and truth, and dies for it perhaps when striking down a traitor's arm, or driving an enemy from his native soil. In like manner a Christian dies unto the Lord. Death as well as life we leave in His hands—to be directed by His will and for His glory. Thus the time of our dying we leave to Him. God keeps us in entire ignorance of this matter. We might wish to live to old age, filling up a long life with usefulness, and we say with Job: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait." Perhaps in an hour of severe suffering, or in moments of devotion we might desire with Paul, "to depart and to be with Christ," but we see it needful to remain and be helpers of one another's joy. Perhaps in the vigor of our powers, in one's prime we may be taken but the believer will see that God decides wisely when He cuts the thread of life. "Only forty years old," said a dying saint—a diligent laborer in a neighboring parish—"only forty years old and is my work done for my Master? I thought I should live to do more; but Thy will be done." How noble the spirit of McCall who on returning to his field in Africa died recently at Maderia. Very weak so that he spoke with difficulty he was heard praying: "O Lord, Thou knowest what I want. Do as Thou pleasest. I have nothing to say. I am not dissatisfied that Thou art about to take me away. Why should I be? I gave myself—body, mind and soul to Thee; consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service; and now if it please Thee to take myself instead of the work I would do for Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

Suppose a life of usefulness in God's vineyard, like that of Mrs. Shaw, is cut short at the early age of twenty-five. Can we say it is wasted? Energy, love, hope, service wasted in China! Friends, be assured that no life spent in the love and service of God is wasted. Her short life wasted in China! Why, no doubt she set in motion influences which will result in great good, has done in a few months more than many could do here in years. She has spoken some thoughtful word, or done some kindly deed—the vast reach of which

only eternity can disclose. No faithful word or work is in vain. Her short life wasted! No. Let us get rid of the notion that the mere passing of time—the getting through these years is life. To eat and drink and sleep—to get up in the morning, to go to bed at night—to engage in trade—to go through a round of duties—to coin thought into money—this is not life. Only a small part of our being is aroused, and that not the highest nor the most enduring. That which makes life worth living is love, faith, virtue, knowledge, joy, gentleness, goodness and hope; these nourish our spiritual nature.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

We leave the time of our dying to God: we leave also the place of our departure in His hands. I know how natural is the desire to die among kindred and at home. We are sure of their utmost care, and warm affection. How faithfully they will attend to our smallest want! We all wish our end to come where friends can smooth the pillow, and give us the last look and word of love. How many have you known, seeking a more favorable climate for health who hurried home to die. But God being everywhere, we can leave the place in His hands. How pleasant, dear friends, to remember that heaven is as near a believer in one place as in another; yes as near our dying friend in Japan as in America. It is blessed to believe that God follows His children to every land and island. No continent so broad that God cannot find us; no glittering island so small that He will not come and abide with us. He is near when we cry with Stephen: Jesus receive my spirit. In Turkey, in China, in India, in America—in every place He can hear your prayer, and when the hour of your change shall come, He can take up the souls of His children to more beautiful habitations, as He draws up drops of water into the battlemented clouds resplendent in the heavens. So confident can we be as we leave the time and place of our departure in God's hands. Thus the Christian desires to live and to die unto the Lord, hoping that Christ may be magnified in his body whether it be by life or by death.

The truth we have now considered—Christian living and dying—

finds an apt illustration in the life of her whose early death we mourn. Several features of her character it is well for us to call to mind. We may be quickened to more faith and work.

Her consecration how hearty! Early in life, when only fourteen years old, she accepted Jesus as her Saviour and Lord, and soon publicly confessed her faith in Him. We cannot doubt the sincerity of her efforts to follow Jesus. Henceforth she was the Lord's. Her body, mind and soul were given back to the Maker of us all in hope of a happy life of service. The talents God had put into her keeping, she accepted as a loan, and diligently tried to gain other talents.

No less marked was her simple faith. She received the Bible as the best teaching of heaven for herself and for the world. She took God at his word. In many conversations with her pastor she expressed so unwavering confidence in God that I think she was never troubled with doubts. And the reason is plain: she was too busy in the Master's vineyard for doubts to get hold of her mind and heart.

She wished to be a working Christian. Her faith was kept bright through service. Doubts and fears like owls and bats fly in the night time of faith when we neglect duty. She proved the truth of our Lord's promise: If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine. Readily she engaged in work in our parish and church, serving as secretary and treasurer of the Mission Band for several years, and as a teacher in our Sabbath School. For the worship of God in His sanctuary she had a deep and abiding love, and esteemed it a privilege to be present every Lord's day. From the place of prayer her face was rarely absent. To her mind the kingdom of God was a wondrous reality. This idea of service for the Lord in other lands was early manifested; it grew in intensity until she fully decided to fit herself for missionary work by broader ranges of study. Circumstances however prevented her from entering upon this course, yet while faithfully teaching in our public schools she constantly aimed for larger usefulness by studying books so carefully adopted by the University course of reading for women. Her life manifests this strong purpose to work for the Lord everywhere. Often in her mind was the question of an apostle: Lord, what wilt Thou have

me to do? Her dreams of missionary work were to become realities; for unknown to her a kind Providence was inclining her future husband to decide upon this branch of labor, and China was chosen as their home. Earnestly and with much enthusiasm she entered into her husband's labors, studying with care that difficult language until she could talk to edification in prayer meetings for Chinese women. This idea of service clung to her at death. As she drew near the last hour, she said to her husband: "I shall soon enter upon delightful service in heaven, and you and our dear friends will still work at Pao-ting-fu."

Akin to this desire for service was her belief in prayer. She prayed as if before Him who is invisible. Prayer was not an empty form, not a word thrown into the air, but it was the appointed avenue of communion with God. She found it good to draw near to God, coming to her Father in heaven with a child-like spirit, and telling Him her trials and her desires. Often on her lips was this petition: "Lord, may I be willing to do what Thou thinkest best."

But in the midst of work her end was drawing near. Calmly she saw death approaching. Many plans of labor now fell from her hands like a delicate vase and were shivered. We cannot doubt that her heart was wrung with anguish at separation from him to whom she had been a devoted wife—and from the little one to whom she clung with all a mother's love, but even in this trying hour her faith failed not. Commending her dear ones to the Lord she fell asleep in Jesus in the possession of a precious hope of everlasting life.

Parents and relatives, you have indeed been called to mourn, but not as those who have no hope. You can cherish the thought that she who so loved and obeyed the Lord is now at rest from all pain and care, engaged in delightful service in the presence of her Saviour. You know that while she prized your homes and loved these friends, she entered upon missionary work because she wished to be obedient to God who was calling her into this vineyard. You saw her leave these familiar places, and have been cheered many times by her encouraging letters, so full of interest in her labors. Her work is finished here, and God has called her higher. You have grieved that you could not be near her as she descended into the valley of the shadow, but we trust that the Lord was there: His rod

and His staff they comforted her. You have sorrowed most of all that you will see her face no more. But, friends, remember that Christians never meet for the last time; there shall be a reunion around the throne of God.

And to you who are parents in this community, this occasion suggests a lesson and a duty. Twenty-five years ago a mother dying dedicated anew her babe to God, praying that He would take the child into His holy keeping, and fit her at length for His work. That prayer was answered in His good time; that child gave herself to missionary work, and died in a foreign land. To day we remember her in these services. Oh, the power and worth of a parents' prayers! The blessedness of a godly ancestry who can estimate! Your children are dear to you, and you wish them the highest usefulness. How can you secure the best results of living as by training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as by putting before them true ideals of living. Fathers and mothers, dedicate your children to Him who is the Father of us all. God puts great power in your hands. St. Paul had strong hopes of Timothy because in childhood he knew the Holy Scripture from the lips of parents. Teach these truths diligently to your children. Direct their mental and spiritual growth with tender care. Show them by your holy life, by your earnest prayers and warm sympathies that above all things you wish that they may prosper and be in health, even as their soul prospereth. Tell them that you have no greater joy than to hear that your children walk in truth, serving the Lord.

And to you, my young friends, do not this life and death teach a lesson? You know that one who was once active among us has said her last faithful word, has done her last kindly act. You saw her depart to her field of labor with high hopes of glorifying God and benefiting some poor discouraged souls. You know the story of her useful life, you have heard of her triumphant death, and you all believe that it is well with her. Why? Because she chose the one thing needful, gave her heart to God and loved His service.

How blessed it is to surrender oneself to God early in life! Our Father is peculiarly pleased when the young begin to love and serve Him. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." You may have the most time and the best opportu-

nity for serving the Lord. In early life you can better lay foundations for usefulness. And often, my young friends, youth gives us the only opportunity of repentance and faith. How frequently death comes among us and takes away the young whose prospects of life a few months ago were as good as that of any here today. Oh, then, act the wisest part. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Listen to Christ's voice as He tenderly invites you to follow Him. Then with your obedient lives you live unto the Lord, and enter into His salvation here and yet more hereafter. With your strong triumphant faith you die unto the Lord, and receive an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Remarks by H. S. Thayer.

When King David was lamenting the death of Abner, he said unto his servants, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" I feel that on this occasion we may truly say, that a great and noble soul has dwelt among us; has gone from us; and has passed on to its reward. And we do well on this quiet Sabbath evening, to honor the name and cherish the memory of Mrs. Shaw. For by so doing, we show a proper appreciation of her life and work, and at the same time time we shall elevate and intensify our aspirations after that pure, simple and Christ-like life which she has so well exemplified. When I look back to the time when she dwelt here in our midst, and we failed to appreciate her many excellencies, as we might have done; I feel to say with Jacob when he awoke at Bethel, "Surely the Lord was in this place: and I knew it not. For applying all those tests of character by which we measure greatness and nobility, she was truly great and noble; not perhaps according to the standards used by the kingdoms of this world, but by those standards of excellence which God has established in his everlasting kingdom. One of the chief elements of greatness in her character was her humility; ever acting upon the principle that He that would be greatest, must be servant of all. and "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." In her daily life and work she was a close follower of Him who was "Chief among ten thousand, and one altogether lovely." Another element was her self-sacrificing devotion; never allowing her own ease or comfort to stand in the way of a duty which God had shown her, but promptly discharging it, no matter what the cost, and this trait was certainly illustrated in her missionary work. Greater love hath no man, than that a man lay down his life for a principle. Again she was patient and persevering, never murmuring or complaining

because God kept her back for months and years from the work in which her heart was engrossed, but, "Willing should He not require her, in patience to wait for Him still." Yet all the time preparing herself for the day when God should say "go forward." She was also courageous, no doubts or fears found lodgment in her heart, but she "Waited on the Lord and trusted in Him." Another great quality was her willingness to be always led of God; and this quality, I think explains the difference between her character and ours. While she possessed no natural traits of excellence beyond what many others have; she did have a willing heart to do God's service; and His spirit and power entering in, developed to wonderful proportions those qualities which we so much admire; as He is ever ready to do to all who will yield themselves unreservedly to His service. I am informed by one who knew her well, and had frequent opportunity to hear her in her devotions; that her daily prayer was that she might ever be willing to bear the burden, and walk in the path which God should place before her.

And now looking back over her short life there are two questions that present themselves before us. Her life and works; were they successful or were they failures? How shall we answer them? First, of her works. What say the scriptures? "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name, shall in no wise lose his reward." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." "No man hath left houses and lands, father and mother, but he shall receive an hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting." The result of her work, at least here, depends very much upon us, if we allow her example to stimulate us to renewed zeal and earnestness in the Master's work: or if we allow her memory to shame us, when we would shirk some plain duty, because of difficulties in the way, her work may be of great value to us, and may continue for many years. Let us see to it that her influence is not lost upon us.

Then of her life. "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." We can rightly estimate no life until we know its end. This life is of very little consequence compared with eternity. My friends, God's word is true, and His

promises are sure; "They that do His commandments have a right to the Tree of Life, and shall enter in through the gates into the city." In that day when they shall come from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob at the marriage supper of the Lamb, there shall be none whose robes are whiter, whose love is sweeter, or whose joys are greater, than the subject of our memorial service. God grant that it may be your privilege and mine to meet with her, in that great multitude whom no man can number, whose delight it shall be to serve in the eternal city.



IN MEMORIAM.

FEBRUARY 4TH., 1883.

E. I. HUMPHREY.



Memorial Service.

Sarah Lizzie Burnham Shaw was born at Haverhill, Mass. March 15, 1857. At the age of six months her mother died, and she was taken by her Uncle and Aunt, Mr. William F. Locke, and Mrs. Mary F. Locke of Braintree, when she was five years of age as their foster child. It is from this point in her life-history that our remembrance of her dates. Between this time, and the time of her death in foreign lands, our interest and our affection have followed her and been with her wherever her lot has been cast. To fittingly speak of her either as child or woman is no easy task; a life so eloquent of goodness will never find a fit memorialist. It is common to speak well of the dead, and yet no word of eulogy here written, will reach the height of her surpassing excellence. She was as sweetly natural as a June rose, as calmly spiritual as a saint. Her early life possessed no features of striking interest, save the uniform goodness which characterized her entire life, a quiet, unobtrusive, conscientious child; cheerful and even-tempered, a perennial contribution to family peace and joy. Our remembrance of her as a child is like the remembrance of a pleasant summer day, or of the cheerful flowing of a woodland brook. To faithfully depict such a child's life as hers needs a facil pen, a language born of the heart, and a tender appreciation of the many endearing charms which inhere in the life, and find expression in the conduct; her artlessness, her trusting confidence, her natural grace, her simplicity which was undimmed by dullness and which sparkled in its purity, her thorough, homely worth all combined to make her what she truly was—a good child. Some may doubt that even then the leaven of the spiritual had commenced its work in her human life; and yet to be true to her memory we must affirm that the grace in childhood only found its fuller blossoming in later years. We would not be unmindful that at this period of her life, as at subsequent times, she

was surrounded by salutary home influences: those who have in the past entered that home, and found its "inner sanctuary," will at once acknowledge the unerring truthfulness of our assertion. Her foster mother was a most exemplary woman; she walked in the path of daily duty, quietly devoting herself to the various calls of a well-ordered household: such a life could not be appreciated by the multitude, but to the limited few who were blest by its companionship, it proved a never failing source of satisfaction. Heaven may have a warmer heart, a purer spirit, a whiter soul in its eternal keeping than that possessed by this fond mother; yet we shall be content with such companionship whenever we shall join the "innumerable throng." The liberty which we take in speaking of those who have entered the higher life, is not accorded us when we turn to those who are yet with us in our human relations; but we shall violate this questionable rule, to say that the foster father contributed by his love and tenderness and constant care, a full share of the influence which nurtured and directed the child and blest the home; the life of father, mother and child were the triple links in the chain of love, which circled the family hearthstone. Turning again to the child life of Lizzie—for it was by this name we knew her, and cherished her, and loved her—we touch her early school life; it was at this time that she commenced to manifest a spirit of teachableness which is so essential to thorough educational acquirements, and with it a zeal for knowledge which was unflagging to the time of her translation. Her early school life possessed the same general interest which attached to her entire earthly life; it was not filled with striking incidents, unusual episodes, or startling momentary exhibitions of power, but moved quietly on as a river to the sea, gradually widening and deepening and increasing in volume. Her home application to her studies at this time needed constant restraint: her appetite for knowledge seemed insatiable, and it was only by frequent, kindly remonstrance that she was kept from over-taxing her immature physical and mental powers. Her eagerness to learn seemed not to be stimulated by any wish to excel others, but wholly traceable to a desire to get knowledge for its sake, and for the purpose of using it to its best ends. To be "first in her class" was not the will-o'-the-wisp which lured her on; she would have been content

to let any other occupy that proud position, if she could take some humbler place and increase in wisdom. Right here let it be said that she was not free from the little anxieties and worryings, from the doubts and disappointments, from all the vexatious experiences which go with school life; but we do affirm that she ever rose superior to them, and made them the stepping stones of her upward progress. She endeared herself to her teachers, and very frequently apart from school hours sought their companionship and counsel.

The one teacher who comes most vividly to mind, and the one probably more than any other who shared her confidence and esteem, was Joanna Ward Penniman, (now deceased:) she was her teacher for many years, and seemed to have over her a peculiarly strong influence: an influence certainly for good, for she ever after gave abundant proof that the moral as well as the educational training then received had been of the right kind: other teachers, both secular and spiritual, helped to bring out the luster of her native worth, yet none perhaps more than the one to whom we have alluded, can be ascribed the early direction of her young mind. To follow her school training forward to the time of her graduation from the Braintree High School, would be simply to repeat what we have already said of her in her early school life; the same undeviating devotion to study, the same kindly relations with teachers and class-mates, the same home influences, and in fact all general characteristics and surroundings remained unchanged, save that they strengthened and intensified with the lapse of time. What a volume of interest it would make if pen of teacher and school-mate would but combine to supplement this faint outline of her school life; how each page would glow with some fresh recital of her goodness, how many lines would be traced in tears, how many words would electrify our memory, and re-kindle our affection. This cannot be, and yet we know that in many hearts to-day is written a fairer page, a tenderer line, a more inspiring word than mind can recall or pen indite. Hardly had she emerged from the school-room as a pupil, before she re-entered it as a teacher; and for several years she taught in the Union District School of Braintree. In this new field of experience she evinced the same zeal which had marked her course as a scholar; gentle, patient, untiring, she endeared herself to pupils and parents alike. We have

now sketched almost her entire life; but have thus far omitted to mention, save in a general way, her religious experience and work. This subject needs careful thought and temperate expression; we sadly err when we essay to express by a few stereotype phrases a religious life such as hers. She lived as though she believed with the lamented Holland. that

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound.
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

Late in 1869 or early in 1870—Rev. E. P. Tenney came to the North Parish in Braintree as colleague of Rev. Dr. Storrs. Under his ministry, Lizzie—then being thirteen years of age—commenced to give evidence of strong spiritual feeling; her nature did not undergo a complete change, for her previous life had shown unusual moral activity, and the dawn of spiritual light had already betokened the day. The moment of crystallization seemed imminent: her love and gentleness, her cheerful obedience and implicit trust, her unswerving kindness and conscientious devotion to duty were the natural evidences of the soul's illumining: on this later time was falling a more glorious effulgence. The spirit of the Most High had entered the open door of her heart, and had convinced her of righteousness. No tumult, no excitement, no unseemly display marked this decisive moment of her life, but she quietly, cheerfully, earnestly walked in the clearer light that was shining both upon her earthly and her heavenly way. The same spirit that was in Christ seemed to pervade her life, and she learned rapidly what it was to work with Him in redeeming the world. Her attendance at sabbath school, either as pupil or teacher, constituted but a small part of her religious work; she early recognized the truth that all good words, and all good acts, when prompted by unselfish motives, were the legitimate fruit of righteousness.

About this time, during the brief pastorate of Rev. Mr. Tenney, the same educational and spiritual influences were leaving their impress upon many other minds and hearts: among the number was one who was unconsciously moving in parallel lines of destiny with the subject of our memorial. Willie Shaw—the boy of our remembrance—was giving good promise of intellectual victory, and coupled with it, was the heart's yielding to the Spirit's entreaty. Following his pursuit of knowledge to the end of a collegiate term, and having chosen the ministry of the gospel as his life work, he was afterward ordained. On the fourth of August, 1880, the marriage of Rev. Wm. H. Shaw and Miss Sarah Lizzie Burnham, was solemnized. Thirteen days later they left Braintree for China to engage in the missionary work of spreading the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Passing in review over these events, which we have so briefly narrated, and considering the array of influences which preceded and led the way to this consummation, we must affirm that providential ordering was clearly manifest. Two such lives unconscious of their immediate future, could hardly have walked in like paths to a common destiny without some other than human guidance.

We will now retrace our steps across the interval which stretches between Lizzie's childhood, and the time of her departure for her field of labor in foreign lands, and linger at pleasure over any pleasant remembrance which may light the way. Among the pleasantest of these recollections were our "long talks," as we united in calling them. They were usually a very gratifying admixture of pleasantry and wisdom, on her part; they were of frequent occurrence, and we never rose from one of them without feeling refreshed in mind and spirit. She was an admirable "talker:" her conversation did not abound in verbiage, but she expressed herself with rare simplicity, and yet with logical force and quaint humor. Large companies did not get from her mind its richest treasures; she was at her best as a conversationalist in the quiet of her own home: cheery friends at her own fireside, whom she loved and trusted, were the repositories of her most valued words. During conversation she never simpered, she laughed; she never employed circumlocution but went straight to the point. She never sought to conceal her opinions, yet never vaunted them to excite admiration. It was interesting to

converse with her because she held cherished opinions, and was always ready, persuasively, to express them; she used and invited the largest freedom in the interchange of views, and when convinced, was as ready to yield as she was firm to adhere when the thought did not commend itself to her honest judgment. Her manner during conversation was regulated by no established usage, but went naturally on in the expressing of very pleasant thoughts in a very original way. She was usually earnest, but rarely sombre; vivacious, but not frivolous; genial, but not sentimental; and when she threw away the restraint of imposed conventionality, she was delightful in the exercise of her unrestrained freedom. Another source of pleasure in visiting her home, was the charm which her presence gave; very often we sat with the family in the evening hours, and enjoyed the hospitable welcome which was always extended. No moments were perhaps more felicitiously passed than those when the exactions of conversation were unenforced, and we were allowed, without any infraction of the law of social etiquette, to sit quietly and read or muse the time away. This result can not be reached at will, and is never attained unless we are in the atmosphere of home, or where finer sensibilities are in gracious accord with those around us. And this was the charm found in her home and in her companionship: whether conversation or quiet reigned, there was always the same tide of pleasure flowing in upon you. One other important mention, and we must pass to the concluding of this brief memoir: when that shall have been referred to, we shall have covered, so far as we have been observant, the salient points of her life history. This event of which we are about to speak was an important one, and yet of so delicate a nature that we will speak of it in few words. Her native common sense did not abandon her when the time of her being wooed arrived: she did not for a moment lose her self poise, nor did she seem to consider as a sentimental period this important moment of her life. Her acceptance of her lover was left to the decision of her heart, and her subsequent marriage was left to no less sacred arbiter.

Up to this point we have omitted to speak of her own father and mother, confining our statements to those persons and events which had come under our personal knowledge. Her father, Albert S. Burnham, of Essex, Mass., is still living: her mother, Cynthia

M. Chase,—maiden name—of Haverhill, died six months after Lizzie's birth: she being her first and only child. After her mother's death she was taken in charge by her grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. Silas Burnham, of Essex, who cared for her until she came to make her home with her foster parents. Her mother, in her last sickness, expressed a strong desire that Lizzie should, when grown to womanhood, devote her life to missionary work; this undoubtedly had much to do with the after results. Of her missionary experience we shall say little: other hands will register the noble deeds which characterized it. It will be enough for us to believe that she did well, and that the same fidelity marked her course which had always manifested itself in her every calling. Her childhood, her school days, her home life, her moral and spiritual growth, and other phases of her history, have received a passing notice: also her marriage and her departure for China. Little remains for us to say, except to record what we have heard and what we feel to be true of her last vivid experiences on earth. On the fifteenth of May, 1882, there was born into that little home abroad, a baby boy; we can imagine the delight he brought, and the love he awakened. No mother's life was ever touched with a warmer glow than hers: no little babe was ever cradled on a fonder heart or more tenderly caressed by loving hands. A deep shadow has fallen on the little boy, but in later years, ere manhood shall have crowned his life, the benediction of his mother's character will be shining on his way. Elliott Locke Shaw will then have become the conscious inheritor of a priceless legacy.

We dip our pen in seething sorrow and strive to chronicle the last sad hours. O what a picture here unrolls! How life intensifies as it nears its end! How affection clusters about the closing hours, and throws its halo round her precious life! How the lengthening cords of undying love reach to her from earth and Heaven, to hold as their own! Nothing mars the picture, its lights and shades, whether delicate or strong, have all been traced by the Divine Hand, On the twenty-second of November 1882, "the earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved," and now she dwells in that "building of God, an house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens."

ORIGINAL POEM.

L. A. H. BUTLER.

A child, in a scene of youthful glee,
She comes at first, through time's mist to me.
With happy smile on her fair young face,
Yet wearing quaintly such shy, sweet grace,
With eye so true, and such gentle tone,
She then and there made my heart her own.

A quiet school-girl I see her next,
O'er knotty problem, or wise old text.
And faithful labor, and patient thought,
And earnest love to each task she brought,
Till love, and labor, and thought, soon bore
A full, rich harvest of useful lore.

Not earthly wisdom alone she learned;
To purer waters she early turned.
Ere sin had lured her with gilded snare,
While free her spirit from shade of care,
Ere sorrow had darkened the path she trod,
She brought the dew of her youth to God.

Strong purpose now in her young heart grew,
While still to each daily duty true.
With zealous spirit, the children taught;
In quiet ways for the Master wrought;
Till we said, if the bud be so fair a thing,
What shall the fullness of blossom bring.

A cry came over the waters wide.
One kindred spirit with hers replied.
And, giving her hand, as she had her heart,
In joyful union till death should part,
She sailed with him to the realm of night,
To carry the blessing of gospel light.

We followed after in tender thought.
And wondrous near was that land thus brought.
We saw strange sights with her, strange sounds heard,
And unknown feelings of pity stirred,
As heathen homes in their darkness, lay
Revealed in the glory of Christian day.

So time passed on; till at length she stood
Crowned with woman's glory of motherhood.
What new love passed then across the seas!
What prayers were borne on the outward breeze!
While to and fro, through the summer's day,
Fond white-winged messengers sped their way.

Bright visions held us. We did not know,
O, brave young heart, thou wert fading so;
Thy words of courage no warning told
Of death's near shadow; its waters cold;
Of all the hearts that were knit with thine,
But one might bow at the breaking shrine!

But walking trustful by Jesus' side,
Thy feet went down to the swelling tide.
Like notes of triumph, thy tones that fell
For him, lone watcher, who loved so well,
Till life's cord loosened, the spirit fled,
And he, sad mourner, bewailed his dead!

Is this the end of it all, no more,
That lonely grave on a far off shore?
Were hopes so lofty, such faith and trust,
Borne from us only to lay in dust?
The old time question will rise again,
Was not such waste of such treasure vain?

Down over the line of the ages track,
The old time answer comes rolling back,
"She done what she could." Her tender Lord
The blest words speaks as her high reward,
As sweetly leaning upon His breast,
Her love, now perfect, finds perfect rest.

Oh! not in vain 'neath a foreign sky,
That fresh young spirit went forth to die;
A flower shall rise from her lowly bed,
As fragrance sweet by her life was shed.
And power and fragrance alike shall rise,
To Him who will own the sacrifice.

Letter from Rev. E. P. Tenney.

Lizzie Burnham was remarkably matured and of clear mind at an early age. Her early religious experiences were noteworthy for simplicity of faith, and full consecration. With that promptness which was so marked a characteristic she gave herself wholly to God, and was ready immediately to obey the gospel rule to forsake all and follow the Savior. The last Sabbath I was in Braintree as pastor, I asked the Sunday School scholars to give themselves to foreign missionary work, and Lizzie decided then and there to do it, and so wrote me soon after. I regret that the letter is not at hand, but Dr. Clark thought it a very rare statement for one so young; having the right ring to it. The plan was for her to fit herself at once, by years of schooling, for foreign mission work; and the way was prepared for her to do it. But she yielded to the judgment of wise domestic friends that it would be better for her to wait a few years. The cheerfulness with which she did this, entering at once on vigorous work at home, is well known.

I confess, however, the satisfaction I had in seeing that she was still likely to become a missionary; since it has been one of the pleasantest memories I had of the Blue Hills, that upon the top of one of them, high above the tree-tops, and overlooking wide forests and the far away sea, Willie Shaw had kneeled with me in prayer, quite early in his new Christian experiences, there praying earnestly about the foreign missionary work, asking God, if it were His will, to open the way for this lad to enter into mission work for which he had been singularly fitted in his early home training.

There is an old story that when the death of a Moravian missionary was reported in the church from which he had gone forth, there were six volunteers responded to the question, who would take his place. May God grant that the young people of Braintree shall make good the place of her who has been released from service, and that Lizzie Shaw's influence may inspire others to like holy missions.

Since the above was compiled, news was received of the death of Elliott Locke Shaw, infant son of Rev. W.H. and the late Mrs. S. L. Shaw, which took place at Tient-sin, China, December 22nd, 1882, just one month after its mother was called home.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?" "IT IS WELL."

Is it not well, that tender bud and blossom,
So early snapped in twain,
In the fair land where death's chill frosts ne'er enter,
Should be made one again?
That almost ere the arms that claimed the nestling,
Their emptiness had known,
In the secureness of the home eternal,
Should clasp again their own?

Is it not well? No darkening cloud of sorrow,
Its sky shall overcast:
Life's weary trials have at outset vanished;
Death's bitterness is passed.
Is it not well? With ne'er a taint of evil
To mark its earthly track,
As pure as when, sweet pledge of love, He gave it,
The Father took it back.

We, o'er whose brightest moments falls the shadow,
Of the lost mother love,
And we, again, who fold our poor weak pinions,
Over each dear home dove,
Filled with those fears and yearnings for their future,
Which mother hearts will swell,
Say of this little one so safely sheltered,
We joy that it is well.

And thou, poor heart, whose household gods lie shattered,
Beneath this double blow,
Not always while with robes of flesh encumbered,
God's dealings may we know;
Doubt not, although amid thick clouds and darkness,
He seem awhile to dwell.
And if not here, when faith shall turn to vision,
Thou shalt own, it was well.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call home our sister, Mrs. W. H. Shaw, late missionary in China, and,—

WHEREAS, Mrs. Shaw had from childhood been well known to all in this Parish and community, they having observed her good qualities and ability, her interest in religious, social and literary matters, therefore,—

RESOLVED, That her exemplary life and self-sacrificing spirit were worthy of emulation.

RESOLVED, that her husband—Rev. W. H. Shaw—an esteemed friend and brother, has our heart-felt sympathy in his great affliction, the loss of his wife; and our assurance in the belief that though God's ways are sometimes mysterious, and sometimes hard to bear, yet he doeth all things well—for the best.

RESOLVED, That we earnestly hope our brother will fully recover his health, be enabled to continue his work satisfactorily to himself and acceptably to the Master.